#### But It's Better If You Do

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29654925.

Rating: Explicit

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Category: M/M

Fandom: Video Blogging RPF

Relationship: <u>Clay | Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</u>

Character: GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Clay | Dream (Video Blogging

RPF), Jack Manifold, Wilbur Soot, Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)

Additional Tags: House Party, idk i just like parties, Alternate Universe -

College/University, Fist Fights, Blood and Injury, Bruises, Bathroom Sex, Oral Sex, Top Clay | Dream (Video Blogging RPF), Bottom

GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)

Language: English

Series: Part 1 of All My MCYT oneshots

Collections: MCYT

Stats: Published: 2021-02-24 Words: 4086

# But It's Better If You Do

by gnftavi

### Summary

"You step out here, Clay, you're dead!" The headband guy shouted from outside.

The blond—Clay, George assumed—sighed and brought a hand to his face groaning. He steadied himself on his feet and turned to face the rest of the bathroom, and he locked eyes with George.

"Sorry about that." Clay said softly with a grimace.

#### **Notes**

AKA self indulgent dnf oneshot ive been thinking about for months now

no self control i have so many fic ideas and so much motivation to right so im just gonna keep pumping out works until i tire myself out:)

also if any of the cc's want me to remove this, i will

See the end of the work for more <u>notes</u>

This was probably one of the biggest parties of the year.

Every year the local university throws this big spring blowout and for the seniors from almost every college in the city. It's some kind of recruitment tactic to get people to want to go to their school. It works surprisingly well.

So when George was invited, it wasn't like it was a surprise. However, it still took him a long time to decide if he was going to show up or not.

These types of things aren't really his style. He's very much 'sit at home with close friends' rather than 'go get drunk and blackout' type. The only problem? The friends he'd want to stay at home with want to go to the party.

"I don't even like drinking! What's the point of me going?" George argued, "I'm not babysitting you guys."

"You should! You're the most responsible person I know, George." George's friend Wilbur said, "And you can drive us home!"

"No way. You're gonna puke all over the car."

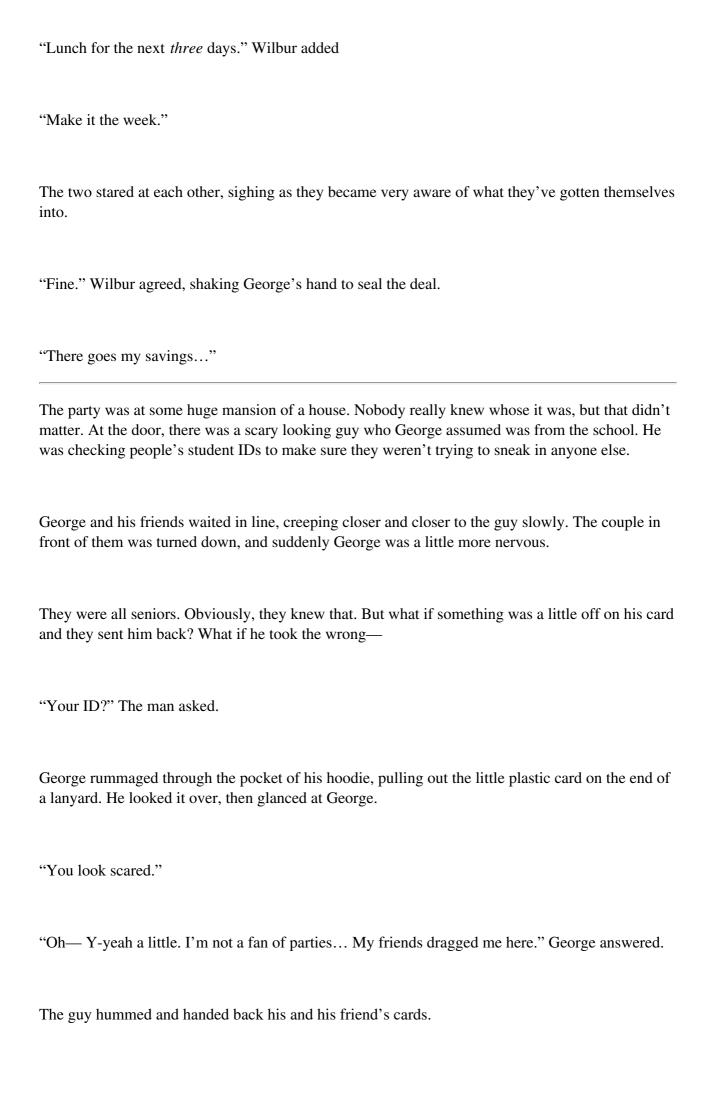
"Please, George."

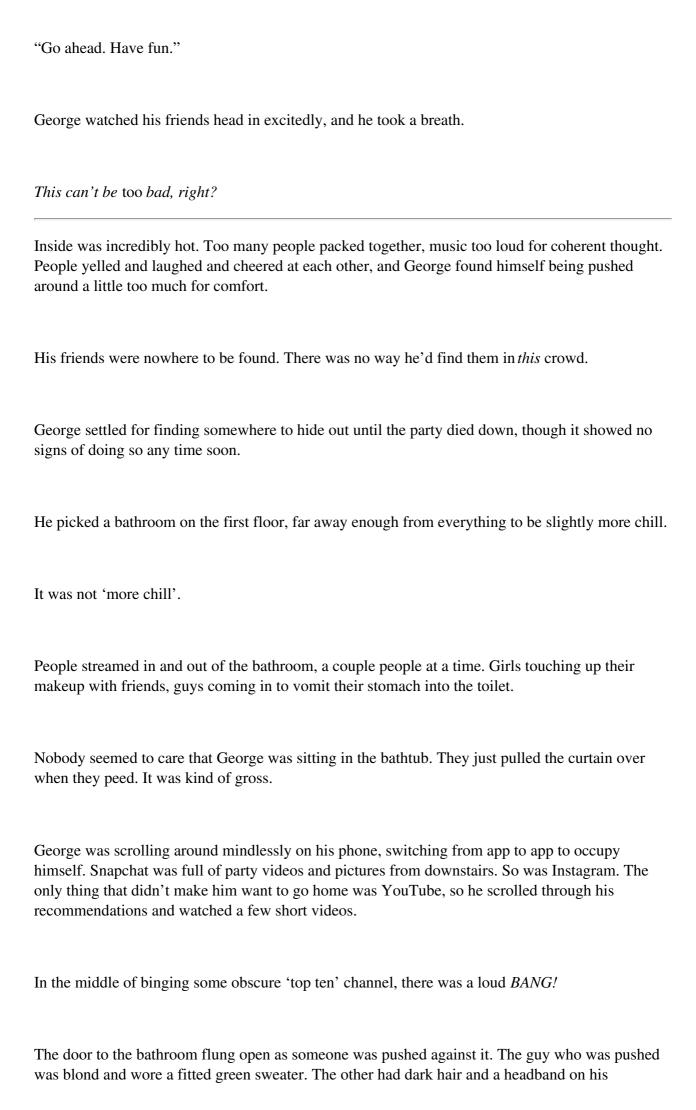
"What are you gonna do for me if I go? What do I get out of this?"

Wilbur looked like he was thinking hard. George's other friend, Jack, chimed in.

"We—We'll buy you lunch the next day?" Jack proposed.

"Just lunch?" George raised an eyebrow.





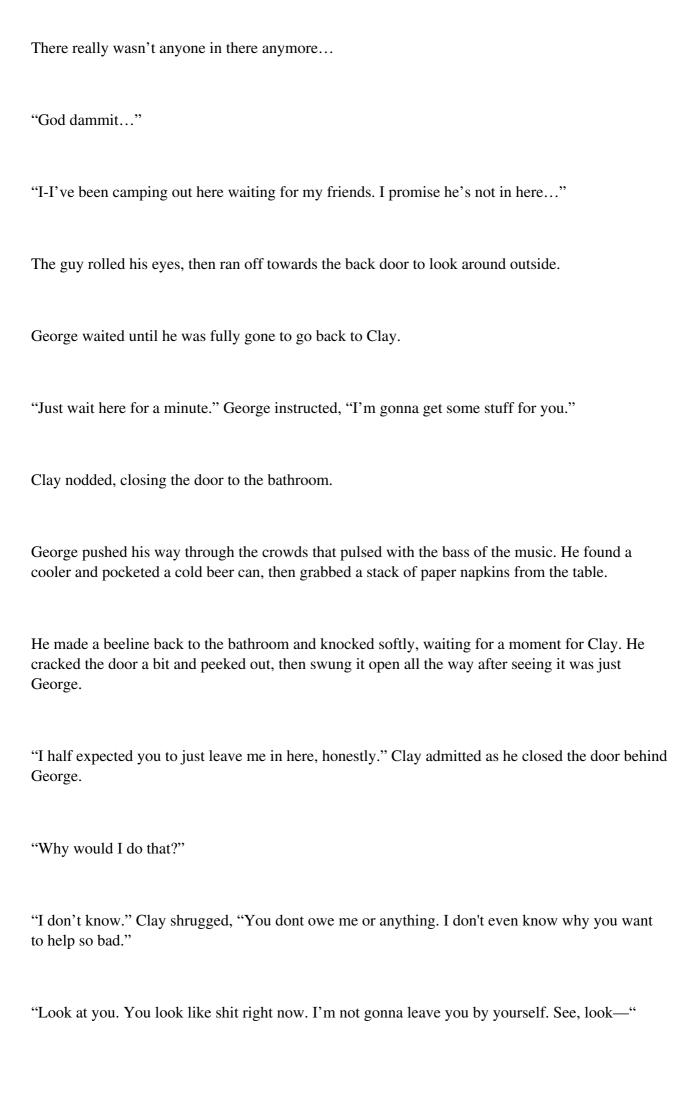
forehead, and a scowl on his face. "You motherfucker!" The headband guy yelled and grabbed the sweater guy by the collar. The blond pulled the other's hands off him, and that seemed to make him mad. The headband guy threw a punch that landed on the blond's cheek with a loud thwap. Another punch to the nose, and the blond launched himself into the action, pushing the other back. They tumbled to the ground, headband on top of the blond pummeling him with a barrage of heavy hitting punches. The other tried to defend with his arms until the headband guy took one arm and held it down with his foot. The blond managed to get a good kick in, right to the headband's crotch. He loosened his hold on him, allowing the blond to crawl away quickly towards the bathroom. He slammed the door shut, locking it behind him. There was a brief banging on the door— a fist pounding on the wood with audible anger. "You step out here, Clay, you're dead!" The headband guy shouted from outside. The blond—Clay, George assumed—sighed and brought a hand to his face groaning. He steadied himself on his feet and turned to face the rest of the bathroom, and he locked eyes with George. "Sorry about that." Clay said softly with a grimace.

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"Um... Don't worry about it." George got up and walked over towards Clay, flipping the light switch to bright.

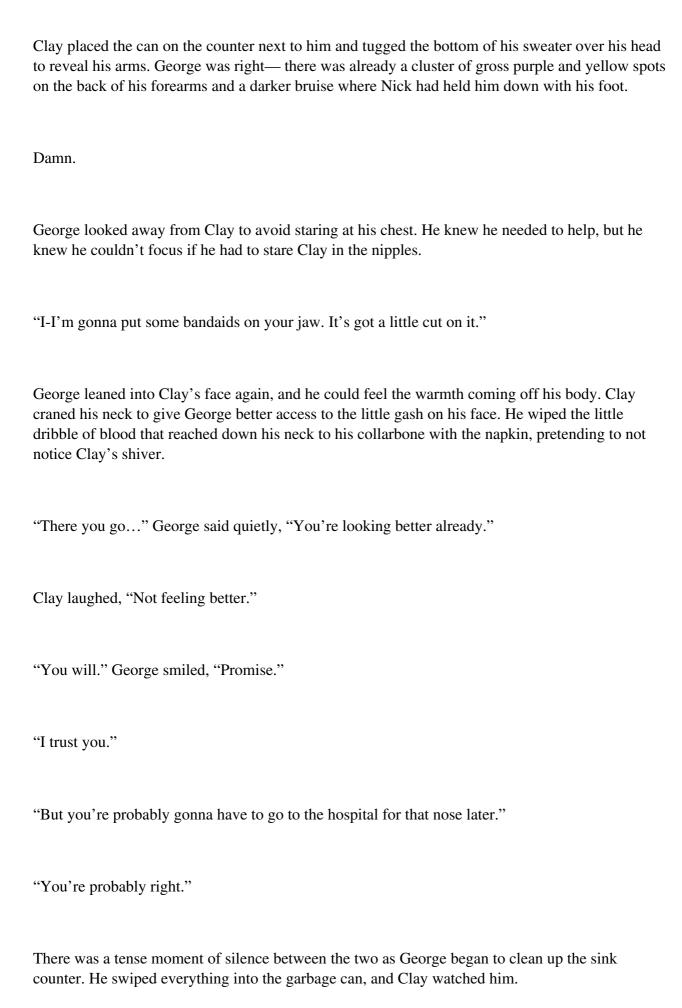
There was blood flowing from his swollen nose, and a bruise already forming on his cheek. He looked at himself in the mirror and cursed, spitting a thick mixture of blood and saliva into the sink.

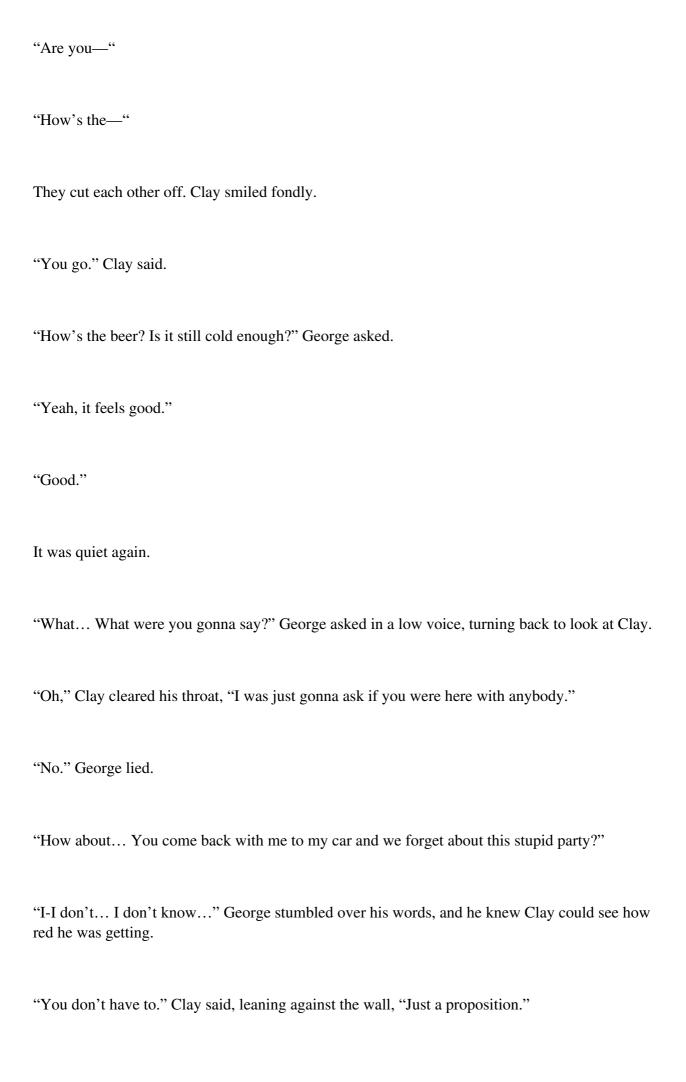






"Usually I'd ask you to dinner before you get between my legs like that, but I can get behind this."
George blushed, face turning warm and red up to his ears.
"I'm just trying to clean your face, dumbass." George defended himself, averting his eyes from Clay's that stared down at him.
Clay smiled and watched George wipe off the blood that had dried on his upper lip. He finished and backed off to grab the beer can, handing it to Clay.
"UmThanks, but I don't drink." Clay said, handing it back.
George laughed this time, "For your nose. It's cold."
Clay pressed the can to his swollen nose and cheek, wincing at the coolness of the metal.
"It'll probably hurt a bit, but it's gonna help." George said, "Now roll up your sleeves."
"I, uh, I don't think I can. This sweater's kinda tight on the arms."
"Well Figure it out. You probably have a bunch of bruises there— he was kinda beating the shit out of you." George said, "You should put the can there too so your arms don't feel too bad later."
"How do you know all this?"
George shrugged, "All my friends are fucking stupid. They almost die just about every other week. I'm like their parents."
Clay chuckled, "I guess your knowledge is coming in handy now, too."
"Yeah."







George felt the electricity surge down his spine directly to his hands as he brought them up to tangle in Clay's hair. Clay kissed him back, using his other hand to pull George's body close to him.

Clay's hand hitched the hem of George's shirt up, and George gasped into Clay's mouth. Clay took advantage of George's gasp, swiping his tongue softly to meet George's.

They pressed as close against each other as they could as the bathroom filled with soft sounds of growing pleasure. There was a moment where George pulled away to catch his breath, and Clay took the opportunity to trail his lips down his neck, leaving small kisses and love bites that made small moans leave George's throat.

Clay parted his lips from George for just long enough to hoist him up from his legs to sit on the counter. George knew he was small, but Clay made it look like it was easy.

"What?" Clay said with a sultry laugh, "I play football. I'm strong."

"Is that why you let Nick beat you up?" George teased.

Clay tilted his head, "Oh, you're gonna get it, Georgie."

"Get what?" George shot back with a chuckle.

Clay went back to kissing him hungrily, catching George off guard. He slid both hands up George's shirt and held him tightly by the waist.

He let his hands trace down to the band of George's sweatpants, his fingers dipping below to hold his hips. George whined, and Clay hummed into the kiss before separating again.

"Can I...?" Clay asked, tugging George's pants at the hip.

George nodded feverishly, "Please."

Clay wasted no time pulling both George's sweats and boxers down to his ankles. He watched as his cock sprung up, George wincing at the cold air. George reached his hand down to grab at his dick but Clay held his wrist to stop him.

"I can take care of it, Georgie." Clay muttered into George's neck, "Don't worry about a thing."

George got tingles down his spine. He watched Clay kiss down his neck until he was blocked by the fabric of his shirt.

From there, Clay brought a hand to grab George's cock. His hands were soft yet firm, and it made George groan. Clay watched the bead of precum form at his tip, and felt his own dick harden in his pants.

"So excited," Clay teased, "This isn't your first time, is it?"

"N-no..." George mumbled, "It's just... Been a while—"

He was cut off by a low moan from the pit of his stomach as Clay wrapped his lips around his tip. He took more and more down his mouth until he reached the base, and he could feel George twitching and leaking down his throat. Clay looked up at George who looked completely disheveled as if in a silent warning.

He began to bob his head, basking in the beautiful sounds George let out into the night air. George's moans were soft and sweet and airy. He had his head thrown back, chest rising and falling rapidly with one hand threaded in Clay's hair, moving with his head.

Clay picked up his pace a bit when he heard George's whimpers become louder and faster. George was out of breath, pleasure building up higher and higher. He felt like he might—

"C-Clay... I can't... I'm gonna cum..."

"Cum for me, baby. You deserve it." Clay pulled off the tip for a brief moment, "You're so beautiful."

George felt Clay wrap his mouth around him again and he couldn't bear it. He gripped tightly to Clay's hair, holding him in place while he moaned embarrassingly loud, riding out his orgasm with Clay wrapped around him.

Clay held on as long as he could with George deep in his throat, streams of his cum flowing down his throat easily. When George let go of his head, he pulled off with a wet pop, saliva dribbling down his chin a bit.

George looked at Clay with half lidded eyes.

"How the hell... Are you so good at that?" George said through heavy breaths.

Clay chuckled, wiping his face off, "Imagine how good I can be when I'm not all sore."

George let out a soft moan at the thought, his tired cock threatening to stiffen again.

"We should do this again sometime." Clay said softly as he helped George pull his pants back up.

George stood from the counter wobbly, tying the string on his pants back up.

"Here, give me your number." George said, pulling out his phone.

Clay smiled, "Now look who's taking initiative. Okay, Georgie."

Clay tapped out his number into George's phone, then sent himself a quick, random string of letters to make sure it was written properly. George took his phone back, pocketing it.

"I want... to return the favor." George whispered, resting his hands on Clay's hips.

Clay felt his erection painfully strain against his jeans.

"Are you sure?" He asked George nodded, eyeing the button of his pants that he was toying with. Clay smirked, cupping George's face in his hand, "Then show me what your pretty mouth can do, sweetheart." George hummed and pushed Clay back a couple steps until he leaned against the wall opposite the counter. He dropped to his knees slowly, hands resting on Clay's jeans as he unzipped them. Clay watched George pull his pants down just enough to reveal the bulge in his boxers. He pulled the elastic back and rested it under Clay's cock when it popped out. George grabbed it with both hands, pumping it a couple times as he marveled. "You're so... big." George whispered breathily. Clay bit his lip, "You sure you can handle me?" "You'd be surprised." George teased. He stuck out his tongue and dragged it along the bottom of his dick from base to tip, smirking when Clay let out a low groan. "It's not my first time." George reiterated. "Show me, then." Clay rested a hand on the top of George's head, and George took that as his cue to start sucking.

He took the tip in first, letting his tongue circle it before slowly sucking in the rest. He reached the end, letting his nose bump Clay's lower abdomen. Clay mound a soft, low note when George pulled back off.

"Your throat feels so good, sweetheart..." Clay breathed out, "Keep going."

George went slowly at first to get used to the feeling before picking up the pace. He learned quickly that Clay was *very* vocal—praising him between loud moans and grunts.

Clay was also greedy. Forceful. He was the one that set the pace, pulling George by his hair to bob up and down on his cock. It wasn't a problem, though. George was able to handle his tip slamming the back of his throat repeatedly.

George made sure to look back up at Clay every couple bobs, loving how desperate he looked while watching George take him like a champ.

"Baby... Baby, I don't think I can last any longer..." Clay moaned out, "Let me cum on your pretty face, Georgie."

George didn't have to be told twice. He let himself be facefucked until Clay was shouting out his name. When he felt the first bit of cum hit the back of his throat, he pulled off, hand keeping the pace in place of his lips as Clay came in long white ribbons into his open mouth.

Clay moaned softly until his cock stopped leaking. George let go of it, allowing Clay to fix his pants before swallowing his mouthful of white liquid. Clay helped George off the floor and brought him into a passionate, yet slow kiss.

They stayed lip locked for what seemed like an eternity, and yet barely a second. George was the first to notice the bathroom door open, whipping his head away from Clay to look.

The guy with the headband— Nick— was back. He looked furious.

"You." Nick growled out, jabbing a finger at George, "You told me you didn't know him. Said he ran outta here. Turns out you're a liar just like him."

Clay tensed against George's body. George grabbed his hand and squeezed.

"I-I don't know him, I just—"

"Don't try to lie anymore, you bitch." Nick's words were harsh, and made George grimace.

"George." Clay whispered, "I think we gotta... get outta here for real."

George nodded slowly, tilting his head towards the still open window above the bathtub.

Clay didn't have to be told twice. He made a dash for the window, hopping through with ease. George struggled a little to get up, but Clay helped pull him though. He still landed on his ass, though.

Nick tried to follow them, but they watched him slip trying to run to the tub. They heard him curse and look out the window before storming off.

"We better get outta here before he comes outside." Clay suggested, "You got a ride home?"

"Yeah—" George stopped himself. He didn't have the keys to Jack's car. "A-Actually... I don't. Wait, Clay, your sweater—"

"Let's go, then. Hurry up!" Clay ignored George, and they made a dash down the yard. George struggled to follow.

They reached a small, sleek black car that clay fumbled to jam his keys into. Once it was open, they both got in as fast as they could.

"I suggest we go to wherever you live." Clay said, starting the car, "Nick knows my house."

George laughed, "You'll have to excuse the mess when we get there. I wasn't expecting guests."

Clay laughed as well, pulling the car out of it's space, "Don't worry. I didn't expect to be on someone's hit list tonight. Things come up."

## **End Notes**

thank u for reading!! this one was kinda fun lmao. feel free to leave comments or kudos i really appreciate it!!! also maybe sub bc i hve like three other fic ideas in progress for mcyt stuff:)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!